

H.M.S.  
**PINAFORE**

OR  
THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

BY  
W. S. GILBERT  
AND  
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.  
50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1  
NEW YORK — SYDNEY

All rights under the Copyright Act, 1911, and the International Copyright Conventions are reserved. Applications for the right of performing the above Opera, including the use of band parts, must be made to Bridget D'Oyly Carte, No. 1, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

*Printed in England*



# H.M.S. PINAFORE

OR

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

BY

W. S. GILBERT

AND

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

*PRICE 2/- NET*

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.  
50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1  
NEW YORK — SYDNEY

All rights under the Copyright Act, 1911, and the International Copyright Conventions are reserved. Applications for the right of performing the above Opera, including the use of band parts, must be made to Bridget D'Oyly Carte, No. 1, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

*Printed in England*

# H.M.S. PINAFORE

OR

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

---

## Dramatis Personæ

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B.  
(*First Lord of the Admiralty*)

CAPTAIN CORCORAN (*Commanding H.M.S.  
Pinafore*)

RALPH RACKSTRAW (*Able Seaman*)

DICK DEADEYE (*Able Seaman*)

BILL BOBSTAY (*Boatswain's Mate*)

BOB BECKET (*Carpenter's Mate*)

TOM TUCKER (*Midshipmite*)

SERGEANT OF MARINES

JOSEPHINE (*the Captain's Daughter*)

HEBE (*Sir Joseph's First Cousin*)

MRS. CRIPPS (*LITTLE BUTTERCUP*)  
(*a Portsmouth Bumboat Woman*)

*First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors,  
Marines, etc.*

---

SCENE.—QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. PINAFORE, OFF PORTSMOUTH.

ACT I.—NOON.

ACT II.—NIGHT.



# H.M.S. PINAFORE

OR

## THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

### ACT I.

SCENE.—*Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, &c.*

#### CHORUS.

We sail the Ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty ;  
We're sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty.  
When the balls whistle free  
O'er the bright blue sea,  
We stand to our guns all day ;  
When at anchor we ride  
On the Portsmouth tide,  
We've plenty of time for play.  
Ahoy ! Ahoy ! Ahoy !

(*Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP, with large basket on her arm.*)

#### RECIT.

Hail, men-o'-wars' men—safeguards of your nation,  
Here is an end, at last, of all privation ;  
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford  
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

#### ARIA.

I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Though I could never tell why,  
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup I !

I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky,  
I've scissors, and watches, and knives ;  
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces  
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee,  
Soft tommy and succulent chops ;  
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies,  
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Sailors should never be shy ;  
So buy of your Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,  
Come, of your Buttercup buy !

BOAT. Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

BUT. Red, am I? and round—and rosy! May be, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend—hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT. No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

(Enter DICK DEADEYE. *He pushes through sailors, and comes down.*)

DICK. *I've thought it often. (All recoil from him.)*

BUT. Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOAT. Don't take no heed of *him*, that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK. I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it—Dick Deadeye.

BUT. It's not a nice name.

DICK. I'm ugly too, ain't I?

BUT. You are certainly plain.

DICK. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

BUT. You are rather triangular.

DICK. Ha! Ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

ALL. We do!

DICK. There!

BOAT. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now can you?

DICK. No.

BOAT. It's asking too much, ain't it?

DICK. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature, I'm resigned.

RECIT.

BUT. (*Looking down hatchway from R.*)

But, tell me—who's the youth whose faltering feet  
With difficulty bear him on his course?

BOAT. That is the smartest lad in all the fleet—  
Ralph Rackstraw!

BUT. Ralph! That name! Remorse! remorse!

(*Enter RALPH from hatchway.*)

MADRIGAL—RALPH.

The Nightingale

Sighed for the moon's bright ray,  
And told his tale

In his own melodious way!

He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL.

He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

The lowly vale  
 For the mountain vainly sighed,  
 To his humble wail  
 The echoing hills replied.  
 They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"  
 They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL.

RECIT.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,  
 But choruses yield little consolation,  
 When we have pain and sorrow too before us!  
 I love—and love, alas, above my station!

BUT. (*Aside.*) He loves—and loves a lass above his station.ALL. (*Aside.*) Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station.

BALLAD—RALPH.

A maiden fair to see,  
 The pearl of minstrelsy,  
 A bud of blushing beauty;  
 For whom proud nobles sigh,  
 And with each other vie  
 To do her menial's duty.  
 To do her menial's duty.  
 A suitor, lowly born,  
 With hopeless passion torn,  
 And poor beyond denying,  
 Has dared for her to pine,  
 At whose exalted shrine  
 A world of wealth is sighing.  
 A world of wealth is sighing.  
 Unlearned he in aught  
 Save that which love has taught,  
 (For love had been his tutor);  
 Oh, pity, pity me—  
 Our captain's daughter, she,  
 And I that lowly suitor!  
 And he that lowly suitor!

ALL.

ALL.

ALL.

BOAT. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high; our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

ALL. No, no!

DICK. No, no, captains' daughters don't marry foremast hands.

ALL. (*Recoiling from him.*) Shame! shame!

BOAT. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur.

RALPH. But it's a strange anomaly, that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarter-deck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main truck or his slacks on the main-deck.

ALL. Aye! aye!



DICK. Ah, it's a queer world !

RALPH. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you. but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder. (*All shudder.*)

BOAT. My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck, let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

(*Enter CAPTAIN CORCORAN.*)

RECIT.

CAPT. My gallant crew, good morning.

ALL. (*Saluting.*) Sir, good morning !

CAPT. I hope you're all quite well.

ALL. (*As before.*) Quite well ; and you, sir ?

CAPT. I am in reasonable health, and happy  
To meet you all once more.

ALL. (*As before.*) You do us proud, sir !

SONG—CAPT.

CAPT. I am the Captain of the Pinafore !

ALL. And a right good captain, too !

CAPT. You're very, very good,  
And be it understood,  
I command a right good crew.

ALL. We're very, very good,  
And be it understood,  
He commands a right good crew.

CAPT. Though related to a peer,  
I can hand, reef, and steer,  
Or ship a selvagee ;  
I am never known to quail  
At the fury of a gale,  
And I'm never, never sick at sea !

ALL. What, never ?

CAPT. No, never !

ALL. What, *never* ?

CAPT. Hardly ever !

ALL. He's hardly ever sick at sea !  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,  
For the hardy Captain of the Pinafore !

CAPT. I do my best to satisfy you all—

ALL. And with you we're quite content.

CAPT. You're exceedingly polite,  
And I think it only right  
To return the compliment.

ALL. We're exceedingly polite,  
And he thinks it only right  
To return the compliment.



CAPT.           Bad language or abuse,  
                  I never, never use,  
Whatever the emergency ;  
                  Though, " bother it," I may  
                  Occasionally say,  
I never use a big, big D—

ALL. What, never?

CAPT. No, never !

ALL. What, *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever !

ALL. Hardly ever swears a big, big D—  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,  
For the well-bred Captain of the Pinafore !

(After song exeunt all but CAPTAIN. Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP.)

BUT. Sir, you are sad ! The silent eloquence  
Of yonder tear, that trembles on your eyelash,  
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common ;  
Confide in me—fear not—I am a mother !

**CAPT.** Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry—  
My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower  
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,  
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,  
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason  
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

BUT. *(with emotion.)* Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well  
The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!  
But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.  
I go—Farewell! *(Exit.)*

CAPT. (*looking after her.*) A plump and pleasing person !  
(*Exit.*)

(Enter JOSEPHINE, twining some flowers which she carries in a small basket.)

BALLAD—JOSEPHINE.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,  
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,  
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,  
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly ;  
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head  
When love is alive and hope is dead !

Sad is the hour when sets the sun—  
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,  
When to the ark the wearied one  
Flies from the empty waste of waters !  
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head  
When love is alive and hope is dead !!

(Enter CAPTAIN.)

CAPT. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

JOS. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem—reverence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man ; but oh, I cannot love him ! My heart is already given.

CAPT. (*Aside.*) It is then as I feared. (*Aloud.*) Given ? And to whom ? Not to some gilded lordling ?

JOS. No, father—the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship !

CAPT. Impossible !

JOS. Yes, it is true—too true ;

CAPT. A common sailor ? Oh fie !

JOS. I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him ! I love him ! I love him ! (*Weeps.*)

CAPT. Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter—I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step, he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

JOS. Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not father, I have a heart, and therefore I love ; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

CAPT. You *are* my daughter after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of sisters, cousins and aunts that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your cabin—take this, his photograph, with you—it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

JOS. My own thoughtful father !

(Exit JOSEPHINE. CAPTAIN remains and ascends the poop-deck.)  
BARCAROLLE (*invisible.*)

Over the bright blue sea  
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.,  
Wherever he may go  
Bang-bang the loud nine pounders go !  
Shout o'er the bright blue sea  
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

(During this the crew have entered on tip-toe, listening attentively to the song.)

## CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Sir Joseph's barge is seen,  
 And its crowd of blushing beauty,  
 We hope he'll find us clean,  
 And attentive to our duty.  
 We sail, we sail the ocean blue,  
 And our saucy ship's a beauty,  
 We're sober, sober men and true,  
 And attentive to our duty.  
 We're smart and sober men,  
 And quite devoid of fe-ar,  
 In all the Royal N.  
 None are so smart as we are.

(Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. *They dance round stage.*)

REL. Gaily tripping,  
 Lightly skipping,  
 Flock the maidens to the shipping.  
 SAILORS. Flags and guns and pennants dipping !  
 All the ladies love the shipping.  
 REL. Sailors sprightly,  
 Always rightly  
 Welcome ladies so politely,  
 SAILORS. Ladies who can smile so brightly,  
 Sailors welcome most politely.  
 CAPT. (*from poop.*) Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way.  
 Hurrah ! hurrah !  
 ALL. Hurray ! hurray ! hurray !

(Enter SIR JOSEPH with COUSIN HEBE.)

## SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

I am the monarch of the sea,  
 The ruler of the Queen's Navee.  
 Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.  
 COUSIN HEBE. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his  
 aunts !  
 REL. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his  
 aunts !  
 SIR JOSEPH. When at anchor here I ride,  
 My bosom swells with pride,  
 And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts ;  
 COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his  
 aunts !  
 ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his  
 aunts !  
 SIR JOSEPH. But when the breezes blow,  
 I generally go below,  
 And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants !

- COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his  
aunts !
- ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his  
aunts !  
His sisters and his cousins,  
Whom he reckons up by dozens,  
And his aunts !

SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

- SOLO. When I was a lad I served a term  
As office boy to an Attorney's firm,  
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,  
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.  
CHORUS.—He polished, etc.
- SOLO. I polished up that handle so carefuller  
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee !  
CHORUS.—He polished, etc.
- SOLO. As office boy I made such a mark  
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.  
I served the writs with a smile so bland,  
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand—  
CHORUS.—He copied, etc.
- SOLO. I copied all the letters in a hand so free,  
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee !  
CHORUS.—He copied, etc.
- SOLO. In serving writs I made such a name  
That an artiled clerk I soon became ;  
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit  
For the pass examination at the Institute.  
CHORUS.—For the pass, etc.
- SOLO. That pass examination did so well for me,  
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee !  
CHORUS.—That pass examination, etc.
- SOLO. Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip  
That they took me into the partnership.  
And that junior partnership I ween  
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.  
CHORUS.—Was the only ship, etc.
- SOLO. But that kind of ship so suited me,  
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee !  
CHORUS.—But that kind, etc.
- SOLO. I grew so rich that I was sent  
By a pocket borough into Parliament.  
I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.  
CHORUS.—He never thought, etc.



SOLO. I thought so little, they rewarded me,  
By making me the ruler of the Queen's Navee !  
CHORUS.—He thought so little, etc.

SOLO. Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—  
CHORUS.—Be careful, etc.

SOLO. Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,  
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee !  
CHORUS.—Stick close, etc.

SIR JOSEPH. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Examining a very small midshipman.*) A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. No bullying, I trust—no strong language of any kind, eh ?

CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. What, *never* ?

CAPT. Well ! hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

SIR JOSEPH. Don't patronize them, sir—pray don't patronize them.

CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. That you are their Captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

CAPT. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.

(*DICK comes forward.*)

SIR JOSEPH. No, no, the other splendid seaman.

CAPT. Ralph Rackstraw, three paces to the front—march !

SIR JOSEPH. (*Sternly.*) If what ?

CAPT. I beg your pardon—I don't think I understand you.

SIR JOSEPH. If you *please*.

CAPT. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (*RALPH steps forward.*)

SIR JOSEPH. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.

SIR JOSEPH. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

RALPH. No, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. That's a pity; all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me—don't be afraid—how does your Captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. A better Captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

SIR JOSEPH. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. Then hum this at your leisure. (*Giving him MS. music.*) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. (*Crossing.*) Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

BOAT. Beg pardon. If what, your honour?

CAPT. If what? I don't think I understand you.

BOAT. If you *please*, your honour.

CAPT. What!

SIR JOSEPH. The gentleman is quite right. If you *please*.

CAPT. (*Stamping his foot impatiently.*) If you *please*! [Exit.]

SIR JOSEPH. For I hold that on the seas

The expression, "if you please,"

A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

(*Exeunt SIR JOSEPH and RELATIVES.*)

BOAT. Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman; courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

RALPH. True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his, and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

ALL. Well spoke! well spoke!

DICK. You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well,

but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

ALL. (*Recoiling.*) Horrible ! horrible !

BOAT. Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's company too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked ! that's what I am—shocked !

RALPH. Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.

ALL. Aye, aye !

RALPH. Is not my love as good as another's ? Is not my heart as true as another's ? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another ?

ALL. Aye, aye !

RALPH. True, I lack birth—

BOAT. You've a berth on board this very ship.

RALPH. Well said—I had forgotten that. Messmates—what do you say ? do you approve my determination ?

ALL. We do.

DICK. I don't.

BOAT. What is to be done with this here hopeless chap ? Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of mind.

GLEE—RALPH, BOATSWAIN, CARPENTER'S MATE, and CHORUS.

A British tar is a soaring soul,

As free as a mountain bird,

His energetic fist should be ready to resist

A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant and his lip should curl,

His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,

His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,

And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

CHORUS.—His nose should pant, etc.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,

His brow with scorn be rung ;

He never should bow down to a domineering frown,

Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,

His hair should twirl and his face should scowl ;

His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,

And this should be his customary attitude !—(*pose.*)

CHORUS.—His foot should stamp, etc.

(*All dance off excepting RALPH, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.*)

(Enter JOSEPHINE from Cabin.)

JOS. It is useless—Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, for he told me so himself, but to me he seems tedious, fretful and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. (*Sees RALPH.*) Ralph Rackstraw! (*Overcome by emotion.*)

RALPH. Aye, lady—no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw!

JOS. (*Aside.*) How my heart beats! (*Aloud.*) And why poor, Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady—rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a combination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences—thither by subjective emotions—wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope—plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

JOS. Perfectly. (*Aside.*) His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared—but no, the thought is madness! (*Aloud.*) Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

RALPH. (*Aside.*) I will—one. (*Aloud.*) Josephine!

JOS. (*Indignantly.*) Sir!

RALPH. Aye, even though Jove's armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent ever more. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate the hopes, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

JOS. Sir, this audacity! (*Aside.*) Oh, my heart, my beating heart. (*Aloud.*) This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! (*Aside.*) Common! oh, the irony of the word! (*Crossing, aloud.*) Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

RALPH. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately, my life is in your hand—I lay it at your feet! Give me hope, and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, that I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken and I wait your word.

JOS. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank—they should be lowered before your captain's daughter.



DUET—JOSEPHINE *and* RALPH.

JOS. Refrain, audacious tar,  
 Your suit from pressing,  
 Remember what you are,  
 And whom addressing !  
 (*Aside.*) I'd laugh my rank to scorn  
 In union holy,  
 Were he more highly born  
 Or I more lowly !

RALPH. Proud lady, have your way,  
 Unfeeling beauty !  
 You speak and I obey,  
 It is my duty !  
 I am the lowliest tar  
 That sails the water,  
 And you, proud maiden, are  
 My captain's daughter !  
 (*Aside.*) My heart with anguish torn  
 Bows down before her,  
 She laughs my love to scorn,  
 Yet I adore her !

(Repeat Refrain, Ensemble, then Exit JOSEPHINE into cabin.)

RALPH. (*Recit.*) Can I survive this overbearing  
 Or live a life of mad despairing,  
 My proffered love despised, rejected ?  
 No, no, it's not to be expected !  
 (*Calling off.*)  
 Messmates, ahoy !  
 Come here ! Come here !

(Enter SAILORS, HEBE, RELATIVES *and* BUTTERCUP.)

ALL. Aye, aye, my boy,  
 What cheer, what cheer ?  
 Now tell us, pray,  
 Without delay,  
 What does she say—  
 What cheer, what cheer ?

RALPH (*to* COUSIN HEBE).  
 The maiden treats my suit with scorn,  
 Rejects my humble gift, my lady ;  
 She says I am ignobly born,  
 And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

ALL. Oh, cruel one.

DICK. She spurns your suit ? Oho ! Oho !  
 I told you so, I told you so.



## DICK DEADEYE.

He thinks he's won his Josephine,  
 But though the sky is now serene,  
 A frowning thunderbolt above  
 May end their ill-assorted love  
 Which now is all a-blaze.

Our captain, ere the day is gone,  
 Will be extremely down upon  
 The wicked men who art employ  
 To make his Josephine less coy  
 In many various ways,

(Exit DICK).

## ENSEMBLE.

JOS.	This very night,
HEBE.	With bated breath
RALPH.	And muffled oar—
JOS.	Without a light,
HEBE.	As still as death,
RALPH.	We'll steal ashore,
JOS.	A clergyman
RALPH.	Shall make us one
BOAT.	At half past ten,
JOS.	And then we can
RALPH.	Return, for none
BOAT.	Can part them then !
ALL.	This very night, etc.

(DICK *appears at Hatchway.*)

DICK. Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned,  
 She is a lady—you a foremast hand !  
 Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,  
 And you the meanest slave that crawls the water !

ALL. Back, vermin, back,  
 Nor mock us !  
 Back, vermin, back,  
 You shock us !

(Exit DICK.)

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride  
 Who casts all thought of rank aside—  
 And gives up home and fortune, too,  
 For the honest love of a sailor true !  
 Tra la la la la la.

RALPH. For a British tar is a soaring soul  
 As free as a mountain bird !  
 His energetic fist should be ready to resist  
 A dictatorial word !

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,  
 His brow with scorn be wrung ;  
 He never should bow down to a domineering frown,  
 Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

SAILS. His nose should pant and his lip should curl,  
 His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,  
 His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,  
 And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

#### ENSEMBLE.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,  
 His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,  
 His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,  
 And this should be his customary attitude. (*Pose.*)

#### GENERAL DANCE.

END OF ACT I.



## ACT II.

*Same Scene. Night. Moonlight.*

CAPTAIN *discovered singing, and accompanying himself on a Guitar.*  
LITTLE BUTTERCUP, *seated on quarter-deck, gazing sentimentally at him.*

## SONG—CAPTAIN.

Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
Bright regent of the heavens,  
Say, why is everything  
Either at sixes or at sevens ?  
I have lived hitherto  
Free from the breath of slander,  
Beloved by all my crew—  
A really popular commander.  
But now my kindly crew rebel,  
My daughter to a tar is partial,  
Sir Joseph storms, and, sad to tell,  
He threatens a court martial !  
Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
Bright regent of the heavens,  
Say, why is everything  
Either at sixes or at sevens ?

BUT. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon ! Of whom is he thinking ? Of some high-born beauty ? It may be ! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly ! And yet if he knew—if he only knew !

CAPT. (*Coming down.*) Ah ! Little Buttercup, still on board ? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

BUT. True, dear captain—but the recollection of your sad pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT. Ah ! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me !

BUT. Oh, no—do not say “all,” dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT. True, for you are staunch to me. (*Aside.*) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this ! (*Aloud.*) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But, as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. I understand ! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty—and I, poor and lowly. But take care ! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

CAPT. Destinies !

BUT. There is a change in store for you !

CAPT. A change !

BUT. Aye—be prepared !

DUET—LITTLE BUTTERCUP *and* CAPTAIN.

BUT. Things are seldom what they seem,  
Skim milk masquerades as cream ;  
Highlows pass as patent leathers ;  
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

CAPT. (*Puzzled.*) Very true,  
So they do.

BUT. Black sheep dwell in every fold ;  
All that glitters is not gold ;  
Storks turn out to be but logs ;  
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

CAPT. (*Puzzled.*) So they be,  
Frequentlee.

BUT. Drops the wind and stops the mill ;  
Turbot is ambitious brill ;  
Gild the farthing if you will,  
Yet it is a farthing still.

CAPT. (*Puzzled.*) Yes, I know,  
'That is so.

Though to catch your drift I'm striving,  
It is shady—it is shady ;  
I don't see at what you're driving,  
Mystic lady—mystic lady,

(*Aside.*) Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,  
That the mystic lady's dealing  
In oracular revealing.

BUT. (*Aside.*)  
Stern conviction's o'er him stealing  
That the mystic lady's dealing  
In oracular revealing.

CAPT. Yes, I know—

BUT. That is so !

CAPT. Though I'm anything but clever,  
I could talk like that for ever ;  
Once a cat was killed by care ;  
Only brave deserve the fair.

BUT. Very true,  
So they do.

CAPT. Wink is often good as nod ;  
 Spoils the child who spares the rod ;  
 Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers ;  
 Dogs are found in many mangers.

BUT. Frequentlee,  
 I agree.

CAPT. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches ;  
 Worn-out garments show new patches ;  
 Only count the chick that hatches ;  
 Men are grown up catchy-catchies.

BUT. Yes, I know,  
 That is so.

(*Aside.*) Though to catch my drift he's striving,  
 I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble ;  
 When he sees at what I'm driving,  
 Let him tremble—let him tremble !

*Ensemble.*

Though a mystic tone { I } borrow,  
 { you }  
 { I shall } learn the truth with sorrow,  
 { He will }  
 Here to-day and gone to-morrow ;

BOTH. Yes, I know—  
 That is so !

(*At the end, exit BUTTERCUP, melo-dramatically.*)

CAPT. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring ! Time alone can tell !

(*Enter SIR JOSEPH.*)

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph !

SIR JOSEPH. I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so hitherto without success. How do you account for this !

CAPT. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

SIR JOSEPH. She naturally would be.

CAPT. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

SIR JOSEPH. You think it does ?

CAPT. I can hardly say ; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JOSEPH. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

CAPT. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

SIR JOSEPH. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(*Enter JOSEPHINE from Cabin. SIR JOSEPH and CAPTAIN retire.*)

SCENA—JOSEPHINE.

The hours creep on apace,  
My guilty heart is quaking !  
Oh, that I might retrace  
The step that I am taking.  
Its folly it were easy to be showing,  
What I am giving up and whither going.  
On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,  
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,  
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,  
Rare "blue and white", Venetian finger glasses,  
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,  
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.  
And on the other, a dark and dingy room,  
In some back street with stuffy children crying,  
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,  
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.  
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,  
And dinner served up in a pudding basin !

A simple sailor, lowly born,  
Unlettered and unknown,  
Who toils for bread from early morn  
Till half the night has flown !  
No golden rank can he impart—  
No wealth of house or land—  
No fortune save his trusty heart,  
And honest brown right hand !  
And yet he is so wondrous fair,  
That love for one so passing rare,  
So peerless in his manly beauty,  
Were little else than solemn duty !  
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say  
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey !

(*SIR JOSEPH and CAPTAIN enter.*)

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you officially my assurance, that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.



JOS. Oh, then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is *not* inconsistent with discrepancy in rank ?

SIR JOSEPH. I am officially of that opinion.

JOS. That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another ?

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

JOS. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I *did* hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (*Aside.*) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause !

### TRIO.

SIR JOSEPH, CAPTAIN, and JOSEPHINE.

CAPT. Never mind the why and wherefore,  
Love can level ranks, and therefore,  
Though his lordship's station's mighty,  
Though stupendous be his brain,  
Though her tastes are mean and flighty  
And her fortune poor and plain,

CAPT. and Ring the merry bells on board-ship,

SIR JOSEPH. Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of { his } lordship  
                                  { my }

With a humble captain's child !

CAPT. For a humble captain's daughter—

JOS. For a gallant captain's daughter—

SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—

JOS. (*Aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water !

ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,

Rend with songs the air above,

For the union of a maiden

With the man who owns her love !

SIR JOSEPH.

Never mind the why and wherefore,

Love can level ranks, and therefore,

Though your nautical relation (*alluding to CAPT.*)

In my set could scarcely pass—

Though you occupy a station

In the lower middle class—

CAPT. and Ring the merry bells on board-ship,

SIR JOSEPH. Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of { my } lordship  
                                  { his }

With a humble captain's child !

CAPT. For a humble captain's daughter—

JOS. For a gallant captain's daughter—

SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—

JOS. (*Aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water !

ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,  
 Rend with songs the air above,  
 For the union of a maiden  
 With the man who owns her love !  
 Jos. Never mind the why and wherefore,  
 Love can level ranks, and therefore  
 I admit the jurisdiction :  
 Ably have you played your part ;  
 You have carried firm conviction  
 To my hesitating heart.

CAPT. *and* Ring the merry bells on board-ship,  
 SIR JOSEPH. Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of { my } lordship  
 { his }

With a humble captain's child !

CAPT. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter—

SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—

Jos. (*Aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water !

(*Aloud.*) Let the air with joy be laden.

CAPT. *and* SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board-ship—

Jos. For the union of a maiden—

CAPT. *and* SIR JOSEPH. For her union with his lordship.

ALL. Rend with songs the air above

For the man who owns her love ! (*Exit Jos.*)

CAPT. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this glorious country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable. (*Exit SIR JOSEPH.*)

CAPT. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian. (*During this speech DICK DEADEYE has entered.*)

DICK. Captain.

CAPT. Deadeye ! You here ? Don't ! (*Recoiling from him.*)

DICK. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain. I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.

CAPT. What would you with me ?

DICK. (*Mysteriously.*) I'm come to give you warning.

CAPT. Indeed ! do you propose to leave the Navy then ?

DICK. No, no, you misunderstand me ; listen !

## DUET.

CAPTAIN *and* DICK DEADEYE.

DICK. Kind Captain, I've important information,  
 Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,  
 About a certain intimate relation,  
 Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,  
Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are,  
The answer to them vainly I am seeking ;  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

DICK. Kind Captain, your young lady is a-sighing,  
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,  
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying ;  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,  
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are,  
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning :  
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar.  
(*Producing a "cat."*)

BOTH. The merry cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar !

CAPT. Dick Deadeye—I thank you for your warning—I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise—So ! (*Envelopes himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.*)

DICK. Ha, ha ! They are foiled—foiled—foiled !

(*Enter CREW on tiptoe, with RALPH and BOATSWAIN meeting JOSEPHINE, who enters from Cabin on tiptoe, with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by LITTLE BUTTERCUP.*)

### ENSEMBLE.

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,  
Breathing gently as we may,  
Every step with caution feeling,  
We will softly steal away.

(*CAPTAIN stamps.*)—*Chord.*

ALL. (*Much alarmed.*) Goodness me—

Why, what was that ?

DICK. Silent be,

It was the cat !

ALL. (*Reassured.*) It was—it was the cat !

CAPT. (*Producing cat-o'-nine-tails.*) They're right, it was the cat !

Pull ashore in fashion steady,  
Hymen will defray the fare,  
For a clergyman is ready

To unite the happy pair !

(*Stamp as before, and Chord.*)

ALL. Goodness me,

Why, what was that ?

DICK. Silent be,

Again the cat !

ALL. It was again the cat !

CAPT. (*Aside.*) They're right, it was the cat!

CAPT. (*Throwing off cloak.*) Hold! (*All start.*)

Pretty daughter of mine.

I insist upon knowing

## Where you may be going

With these sons of the brine,

For my excellent crew,

Though foes they could thump any,

Are scarcely fit company,

**My daughter, for you.**

CREW. Now hark at that, do !

Though foes we could thump any,

**We're scarcely fit company**

For a lady like you !

RALPH. Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!

Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,

For I have dared to love your matchless girl.

A fact well known to all my messmates here !

CAPT. Oh, horror !

RALPH and Jos. { I, } humble, poor, and lowly born,  
                              { He, }

The meanest in the port division—

The butt of epaulettes scorn—

The mark of quarter-deck derision—

Have } dared to raise { my } wormy eyes,  
Has }                                { his }

Above the dust to which you'd mould { me  
him

n manhood's glorious pride to rise,

I am } an Englishman—behold { me !  
He is } him !

ALL. He is an Englishman !

BOAT. He is an Englishman !

For he himself has said it,

And it's greatly to his credit.

That he is an Englishman !

ALL. That he is an Englishman !

BOAT. For he might have been a Roosian.

A French, or Turk or Proosian,

Or perhaps Itali-an !

ALL. Or perhaps Itali-an !

BOAT. But in spite of all temptations

To belong to other nations.

He remains an Englishman !

ALL. For in spite of all temptations, etc.

(CAPT. *trying to repress his anger.*)

In uttering a reprobation

To any British Tar,

I try to speak with moderation,  
 But you have gone too far.  
 I'm very sorry to disparage  
 A humble foremast lad,  
 But to seek your captain's child in marriage  
 Why, damme, it's too bad !

(During this COUSIN HEBE and FEMALE RELATIVES have entered.)

ALL. (*Shocked.*) Oh !

CAPT. Yes, damme, it's too bad !

ALL. Oh !

CAPT. and DICK DEADEYE. Yes, damme, it's too bad.

(During this SIR JOSEPH has appeared on poop-deck. He is horrified at the bad language.)

HEBE. Did you hear him—did you hear him ?

Oh, the monster overbearing !

Don't go near him—don't go near him—

He is swearing—he is swearing—

SIR JOSEPH. My pain and my distress,

I find it is not easy to express ;

My amazement—my surprise—

You may learn from the expression of my eyes !

CAPT. My lord—one word—the facts are not before you,

The word was injudicious, I allow—

But here my explanation, I implore you,

And you will be indignant, too, I vow !

SIR JOSEPH. I will hear of no defence,

Attempt none if you're sensible.

That word of evil sense

Is wholly indefensible.

Go ribald, get you hence

To your cabin with celerity.

This is the consequence

Of ill-advised asperity !

(Exit CAPTAIN, disgraced, followed by JOSEPHINE.)

ALL. This is the consequence,  
 Of ill-advised asperity !

SIR JOSEPH. For I'll teach you all, ere long,  
 To refrain from language strong.

For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred taunts !

HEBE. No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts.

ALL. For he is an Englishman, etc. (*Re-enter JOSEPHINE.*)

SIR JOSEPH. Now tell me, my fine fellow—for you *are* a fine fellow—

RALPH. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. How came your captain so far to forget himself ?  
 I am quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.



RALPH. Please, your honour, it was thus wise. You see I'm only a top-man—a mere foremast hand—

SIR JOSEPH. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a top-man is a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honour, love burns as brightly in the fo'c'sle as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes.

(JOSEPHINE *rushes to RALPH's arms.*)

JOS. Darling! (SIR JOSEPH *horrified.*)

RALPH. She is the figurehead of my ship of life—the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness—the rarest, the purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow!

ALL. Very pretty, very pretty!

SIR JOSEPH. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! (*Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.*)

JOS. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

SIR JOSEPH. Pray don't. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

ALL. We have!

DICK. They have!

SIR JOSEPH. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

OCTETTE.

RALPH. Farewell, my own,  
Light of my life, farewell!  
For crime unknown  
I go to a dungeon cell.

JOS. I will atone,  
In the meantime farewell!  
And all alone  
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

SIR JOSEPH. A bone, a bone  
I'll pick with this sailor fell;  
Let him be shown  
At once to his dungeon cell.

BOATSWAIN, DICK DEADEYE and COUSIN HEBE.

He'll hear no tone  
Of the maiden he loves so well!  
No telephone  
Communicates with his cell!

BUT. (*mysteriously.*) But when is known  
The secret I have to tell,  
Wide will be thrown  
The door of his dungeon cell.

- ALL. For crime unknown  
He goes to a dungeon cell !  
(RALPH is led off in custody.)
- SIR JOSEPH. My pain and my distress  
Again it is not easy to express,  
My amazement, my surprise  
Again you may discover from my eyes !
- ALL. How terrible the aspect of his eyes !
- BUT. Hold ! Ere upon your loss  
You lay much stress,  
A long-concealed crime  
I would confess.

SONG—BUTTERCUP.

- A many years ago,  
When I was young and charming,  
As some of you may know,  
I practised baby-farming.
- ALL. Now this is most alarming !  
When she was young and charming,  
She practised baby-farming,  
A many years ago.
- BUT. Two tender babes I nussed,  
One was of low condition,  
The other, upper crust,  
A regular patrician.
- ALL. (*Explaining to each other.*)  
Now, this is the position.  
One was of low condition,  
The other a patrician,  
A many years ago.
- BUT. Oh, bitter is my cup !  
However could I do it ?  
I mixed those children up,  
And not a creature knew it !
- ALL. However could you do it,  
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,  
Although no creature knew it,  
So many years ago.
- BUT. In time each little waif  
Forsook his foster mother,  
The well-born babe was Ralph—  
Your captain was the other !!!
- ALL. They left their foster mother,  
The one was Ralph, our brother,  
Our captain was the other,  
A many years ago.

SIR JOSEPH. Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hours—that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

BUT. That is the idea I intended to convey, officially!

SIR JOSEPH. And very well you have conveyed it, Miss Buttercup!

BUT. Aye! Aye! yer 'onour.

SIR JOSEPH. Dear me! Let them appear before me at once!

(RALPH enters as CAPTAIN; CAPTAIN as a common sailor.  
JOSEPHINE rushes to his arms.)

JOS. My father—a common sailor!

CAPT. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

SIR JOSEPH. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. (To RALPH.) Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

RALPH. Corcoran. Three paces to the front—march!

CAPT. If what?

RALPH. I don't understand.

CAPT. If you please!

RALPH. What!

SIR JOSEPH. Perfectly right. If you please.

RALPH. Oh. If you please. (CAPTAIN steps forward.)

SIR JOSEPH. (To CAPTAIN.) You are an extremely fine fellow.

CAPT. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

CAPT. So it seems, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

CAPT. Don't say that, your honour—love levels all ranks.

SIR JOSEPH. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that.

SIR JOSEPH. (Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH.) Here—take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

RALPH and JOS. Oh bliss, oh rapture!

CAPT. and BUT. Oh rapture, oh bliss!

SIR JOSEPH. Sad my lot and sorry, what shall I do? I cannot live alone!

HEBE. Fear nothing—while I live I'll not desert you. I'll sooth and comfort your declining days.

SIR JOSEPH. No, don't do that.

HEBE. Yes, but indeed I'd rather—

SIR JOSEPH. (Resigned.) Oh! very well, then!

To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,  
Three loving pairs on the same day united!

QUARTETTE.—JOSEPHINE, HEBE, RALPH *and* DEADEYE.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,  
The clouded sky is now serene,  
The god of day—the orb of love,  
Has hung his ensign high above,  
The sky is all ablaze.  
With wooing words and loving song,  
We'll chase the lagging hours along,  
And if { he finds } the maiden coy,  
          { I find }  
We'll murmur forth decorous joy  
In dreamy roundelays.

CAPT. For he's the Captain of the "Pinafore."

ALL. And a right good captain, too!

CAPT. And though before my fall  
I was captain of you all,  
I'm a member of the crew.

ALL. And though before his fall, etc.

CAPT. I shall marry with a wife,  
In my humble rank of life! (*turning to BUT.*)

And you, my own, are she—  
I must wander to and fro,  
But wherever I may go,  
I shall never be untrue to thee!

ALL. What never?

CAPT. No never!

ALL. What *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever!

ALL. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,  
For the former Captain of the "Pinafore."

BUT. For he loves little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup,  
Though I could never tell why;  
But still he loves Buttercup, poor little Buttercup,  
Sweet little Buttercup, aye!

ALL. For he loves, etc.

SIR JOSEPH. I'm the monarch of the sea,  
And when I've married thee (*to HEBE*),

I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants,

HEBE. Then good-bye to your sisters, and your cousins  
and your aunts,

Especially your cousins,  
Whom you reckon up by dozens.

ALL. Then good-bye, etc.

For he is an Englishman,  
And he himself hath said it,  
And it's greatly to his credit  
That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN.

# POPULAR COMIC OPERAS

By

W. S. GILBERT & ARTHUR SULLIVAN

---

—	The Pirates of Penzance	—
The Mikado	—	The Gondoliers
—	The Yeomen of the Guard	—
Iolanthe	—	Patience
—	Trial by Jury	—
Princess Ida	—	The Grand Duke
—	Ruddigore	—
Utopia, Limited	—	*H.M.S. Pinafore
—	*The Sorcerer	—

---

## Haddon Hall

By Sydney Grundy and Arthur Sullivan

## Ivanhoe

By Julian Sturgis and Arthur Sullivan

---

The above can be had as follows :

Vocal Score, complete.    Pianoforte Solo, complete

Libretto

Separate Songs and Dance Music

Pianoforte Selection

Items marked \* Libretti published by Chappell & Co., Ltd.  
Vocal Scores and Separate Songs of these two Operas published by  
J. B. Cramer & Co., Ltd.

---

## CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.

50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1  
NEW YORK — SYDNEY

*And may be obtained of all Music Sellers*





# TRAINING THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN CHORUS

by  
WILLIAM COX-IFE

---

PRICE SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

---

CHAPPELL & CO. LTD.  
50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1  
NEW YORK · TORONTO · SYDNEY · WELLINGTON (N/Z)  
PARIS · MUNICH · AMSTERDAM